

DON'T FAIL TO BUY THE SUNDAY WORLD TO-MORROW.

EXTRA.

THE WEEK'S EVENTS IN BLACK AND WHITE.

EXTRA.

2 O'CLOCK,  
"LAMOLIE'S" PRIZE.  
Winning Letter in the Contest  
"Should Wives Receive  
Salaries."  
The Award Was Made by Judge  
Chauncey M. Depew.

Sketch of the Fair Writer, Mrs. A.  
D. Bailey, of Bladenburg, Md.

Dr. Chauncey M. Depew has forwarded to  
the editor of THE SUNDAY WORLD his decision  
as judge in the contest by readers of this  
paper on the question, "Should Wives Re-  
ceive Salaries?"



Mrs. A. D. BAILEY.  
A very large number of letters on this topic  
was received by the editor, many of which  
were printed. When the contest was closed  
the letters were submitted to Dr. Depew, who  
had consented to review them and award the  
prize of a golden double eagle, according to  
the published conditions.

The pressure of his multifarious duties has  
delayed Mr. Depew from completing his  
examination of the letters until the present  
time. Following is his letter to the editor:  
"I have carefully read the letters on the  
question 'Should Wives Receive Salaries?'  
which you sent me.  
"So many of the epistles are equally worthy  
of recognition that it is very difficult to de-  
cide which is the best; but I have concluded  
to award the prize to the letter signed 'La-  
molie, Bladenburg, Md.'"  
"CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW."  
The winning letter is here reproduced:  
"No Salary is Adequate."

"To the Editor:  
"If the man can afford to place in the bank  
a good round sum to his wife's credit on his  
wedding day, let him do it; there is nothing  
so humiliating to her as to ask her husband  
for cash.

"But if he has only a salary, then I advise  
all expenses are so much away, after  
all expenses are paid, the bills being sent to  
my lord; then the purse to be equally  
open to the little woman who does so much  
to earn it.

"True marriage (and it has been proven any  
other is a failure) seldom brings up the ques-  
tion of money. If both know the state of  
finances and the income they will work  
accordingly.

"A salary for what? Tenderness, loving  
confidence, loyalty in every action and word,  
devoting one's life to one man. Can any  
salary pay for it? Ah, no; let the bank book  
be open for her, but pay your wife by show-  
ing your ambition's goal, in being worthy of  
her, in loving her with your strength, and  
steering the bark, which is your home, safely  
down the swift, restless tide of life.

"LAMOLIE, Bladenburg, Md."  
"Lamolie," the gifted woman who wrote  
the winning letter, is the wife of Mr. A. D.  
Bailey, of Bladenburg, on the Baltimore and  
Annapolis Railroad. Her portrait appears in this  
column. She is only twenty-six years of age  
and has been married a little less than five  
years.

"Lamolie" is the daughter of a distin-  
guished army officer and first saw the light  
in a garrison. Her childhood years were spent  
at different posts on the frontier, where her  
father's command was stationed, and as a  
matter of course her early education and  
training devolved upon her mother. She be-  
came a student at Wesleyan College, from  
which she graduated with honors at nineteen.

She describes her life on the plains as hav-  
ing been full of excitement and productive of  
many pleasant memories. Her home in  
"Sunny Maryland" she declares to be quiet,  
but her letter breathes a spirit of content and  
perfect wedded happiness. "I take great  
tact to talk of one's self," she writes, and  
she graciously declines to make the attempt.

"Like the bursting of a bomb in our quiet  
home," she says, "came the letter from the  
editor informing me that I had won the prize.  
The letter will be put away carefully in the  
family archives and labelled with a remarkable  
incident in a happy life."

Mr. Demarest's Paper Closed.  
BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.  
NEW YORK, April 8.—The Rockland County  
Democrat, a Democratic newspaper owned  
by ex-Assemblyman Frank P. Demarest, was  
closed today by the foreclosure of a chattel  
mortgage.

Killed by Her 12-Year-Old Son.  
BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.  
KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 8.—Mrs. Rose, wife  
of a farmer, living twelve miles from this  
place, was shot and instantly killed today  
by her twelve-year-old son. The shooting  
was accidental. Mother and son were hunt-  
ing.

SHOT DOWN BY HER LOVER.

Amelia Frass's Refusal to Marry  
Him Caused a Tragedy.

After Wounding Her, Butcher Albert  
Habeck Killed Himself.

Amelia Frass, a pretty, blue-eyed, flaxen-  
haired German girl of twenty, is making an  
almost hopeless fight for life in Bellevue  
Hospital. She is suffering from the effects of  
a pistol shot wound inflicted by the lover she  
refused to marry, and who, after wounding  
her, killed himself.

Dr. Titterton said this morning that  
although the wound was very dangerous her  
condition was unchanged and that she had a  
chance of recovery. In order to be on the  
safe side, however, he had notified the Cor-  
oner's office to send some one to take her  
autopsy when she died.

The body of Albert Habeck, the young  
butcher of Union Hill, N. J., who sent a bullet  
into his own brain after he had tried to kill  
the girl, is lying at the Morgue.

Amelia came from Germany three years  
ago. A friend, Marie Piller, who was a cook  
for the family of Edward A. Caswell, the  
John street metal merchant, at 133 East  
Fortieth street, secured her a position as  
chambermaid there, and she became a  
favorite with the family.

About three months ago Amelia met Habeck  
at the house of a mutual friend. Their  
families had been acquainted in the father-  
and-Amelia treated him kindly on that  
account, but he had a desecrating, sullen look,  
Amelia used to tell Marie, the cook, that she  
didn't like.

With Habeck, however, it was a case of  
love at first sight. Amelia had many admir-  
ers and he determined to capture her at once  
for himself. He proposed marriage. She  
refused to put him off, and he threatened to  
commit suicide. Then she reluctantly con-  
sented to wed him at a tragedy.

Habeck of late had urged that the mar-  
riage take place immediately, but Amelia  
would say: "Oh, wait, wait, there's no  
hurry. I don't want to get married yet."

Marie, the cook, was in the pantry. She  
saw Habeck get up as if to go. He put his  
left arm about Amelia's waist, and the cook  
heard him say: "Amelia, for the last time I ask you,  
will you marry me?"

"No, I won't," was the girl's reply, given in  
a low, sweet voice.

Then Marie saw something glint in Habeck's  
right hand. It was a building re-  
volver. He drew it, and a report and a  
bullet from Amelia.

Marie grabbed her and dragged her to the  
kitchen. There was another report and a heavy  
fall in the pantry.

Mr. Caswell and his son dashed downstairs  
thinking burglars were in the house. They  
found Amelia moaning in the hallway and  
Habeck dead on the floor. The police were  
called. The doctor was sent, and the body was  
taken to the morgue.

Amelia has an uncle, a saloon-keeper  
between First and Second avenues, but neither  
he nor any of his friends called at the hospi-  
tal this morning.

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DIED BY GUILLOTINE.

Anastay, Murderer of Baroness  
Dellard, Executed To-Day.

Pale and Nervous, Yet He Laughs  
at Sight of the Knife.

The Blade Does Its Work Quickly  
Before a Bloodthirsty Paris Crowd.

BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.  
PARIS, April 8.—Louis Anastay, the ex-sul-  
tendant who murdered his benefactress,  
the Baroness Dellard on Dec. 4 last, was  
executed in the Place de la Roquette at 5.10 this  
morning.

In accordance with the French custom the  
condemned man had no knowledge that he  
was to meet his death this morning until the  
prison official entered his cell and told him  
to prepare for execution. The guillotine was  
erected in the usual place directly in front of  
the jail.

Knowledge of the tragedy that would be  
enacted there this morning had reached the  
general public through the erection of the  
guillotine, and the usual crowd of sightseers,  
composed mostly of the lower dregs of the  
city, were present to witness the fate of the  
condemned.

Anastay walked to the guillotine without  
displaying any great amount of nervousness.  
In fact, his bearing was firm. He was very  
pale, however, and it was apparent that he  
had steeled himself against the ordeal.

He laughed as he reached the guillotine  
but his laughter was caused by nervousness  
and not by any lack of appreciation of his  
awful position.

Arrived at the place of death the prelimi-  
naries were quickly completed. Anastay  
embraced the chaplain, who had administered  
the last rites of the church to him, and bade  
him farewell.

Deliber ("Monsieur de Paris") the execu-  
tioner, met with not the slightest resistance  
from the prisoner, and the latter was soon  
bound and thrown upon the bascule, the  
sliding board which carries the culprit be-  
neath the knife.

In almost less time than it takes to write it  
Anastay was pushed forward until his neck  
rested upon the block beneath the razor-like  
blade suspended above him; there was a  
quick whirling sound as the heavy knife  
dropped, and the head of the murderer  
dropped into the basket placed to receive it.

The crowd was so dense that it was impos-  
sible to see the execution. The crowd was  
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200 FIGHT A FOREST FIRE.

Fresh Outbreak of Flames Among  
Waterford's Groves.

WATERFORD, N. J., April 8.—The forest fire  
has broken out again here, and further de-  
struction of property is threatened. Since a  
week last night 200 men have been at work  
to save Plator's Hotel and the Dunbarton  
henery.

About \$30,000 damage has been done. Fruit  
groves, berry patches and orchards have been  
consumed, and thousands of acres have been  
burned.

Wolfe Tutsauer was burning brush near  
Cedar Brook yesterday afternoon when the  
fire got away from him, and within half an  
hour it was raging over a district a mile  
wide between Bates's Mill and Chestnut,  
and was rushing towards the big Wharton  
estate.

Man turned out, dropping everything to  
fight the fire, and it was a magnificent struggle.  
The farm of Joseph Bates was burned  
over, and the handsome buildings were saved  
only by the fire-fighters' surrendering every-  
thing else and deluging the buildings.

A hundred acres of woodland belonging to  
Mrs. Abbie Rice were also burned over, and  
much damage was done to James McQuinn's  
fruit farm.

Acres of blackberries and strawberries were  
destroyed, and the work of one woman, Mrs. Bound,  
alone saved the Michael's farm-house.

She ploughed several furrows around the  
building, working till the fire was so near  
that she was nearly suffocated by the smoke,  
and she saved the flames and saved the  
Bates Mill school-house and thousands of  
words and Fred Neill's place.

The hotels and the place at Chestnut  
several times caught fire, and the house of  
Andrew McKinley and that of James Howe  
were destroyed. A slight fall of rain this  
morning gives hope that the worst is over.

Morning Papers' Selections.  
First Race—Lucky Clover, Ill. Spent.  
Second Race—Rintax, Pedestrian.  
Third Race—John Hickory, Misive.  
Fourth Race—Crispin, Rico.  
Fifth Race—Innovation, Climax.  
Sixth Race—St. John, Futurity.

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DOWN A BLAZING STAIRWAY.

Two Men Badly Burned in an  
East Side Fire.

The six events on the card at Guttenberg  
today are selling affairs. This, however,  
does not mean that the programme is by any  
means a poor one. On the contrary, the racing  
promises to be rather interesting.

The second event should furnish an exciting  
contest, for Pedestrian, Ballarat, Blackburn,  
Rintax and Uncertainty appear to be equally  
matched. The race at a mile and a furlong  
in which Rico, Pelham, Crispin and other  
good ones are named to go should also be in-  
teresting. A hurdle race winds up the day's  
sport.

The track will be dry and fast. The  
entries and selections are as follows:

First Race—Purse \$400, for best horse, selling;  
seven furlongs.  
124 Gladstone..... 101  
125 Jolly..... 101  
126 Jolly..... 101  
127 Jolly..... 101  
128 Jolly..... 101  
129 Jolly..... 101  
130 Jolly..... 101

Second Race—Purse \$400, selling; six furlongs.  
124 Gladstone..... 101  
125 Jolly..... 101  
126 Jolly..... 101  
127 Jolly..... 101  
128 Jolly..... 101  
129 Jolly..... 101  
130 Jolly..... 101

Third Race—Purse \$400, selling; six furlongs.  
124 Gladstone..... 101  
125 Jolly..... 101  
126 Jolly..... 101  
127 Jolly..... 101  
128 Jolly..... 101  
129 Jolly..... 101  
130 Jolly..... 101

Fourth Race—Purse \$400, selling; six furlongs.  
124 Gladstone..... 101  
125 Jolly..... 101  
126 Jolly..... 101  
127 Jolly..... 101  
128 Jolly..... 101  
129 Jolly..... 101  
130 Jolly..... 101

Fifth Race—Purse \$400, selling; six furlongs.  
124 Gladstone..... 101  
125 Jolly..... 101  
126 Jolly..... 101  
127 Jolly..... 101  
128 Jolly..... 101  
129 Jolly..... 101  
130 Jolly..... 101

Sixth Race—Purse \$400, selling; six furlongs.  
124 Gladstone..... 101  
125 Jolly..... 101  
126 Jolly..... 101  
127 Jolly..... 101  
128 Jolly..... 101  
129 Jolly..... 101  
130 Jolly..... 101

Two men were badly burned about the face,  
arms and body, and three others narrowly  
escaped death in a fire which broke out at  
1.50 this morning on the third floor of 83  
Clinton street.

The building is used wholly for manufactur-  
ing purposes. The third and fourth floors are  
occupied by M. Grossman, chair manufacturer.  
Night Watchman Isaac Leisacker is suffer-  
ing in Gouverneur Hospital, and his injuries  
are considered to be serious.

Four men slept in the tailor shop on the  
second floor. They were routed by the crack-  
ling of the flames above them, and all suc-  
ceeded in escaping, though John Zuker, one  
of the four, was burned, as stated above,  
though his injuries are not regarded as dan-  
gerous.

Leisacker and Israel Leffell slept on the  
third floor of the building and were awakened  
by the intense heat. The room was filled  
with suffocating black smoke, but the flames  
lit up the apartments sufficiently to show  
them the stairway all ablaze.

Leffell coolly pulled on a portion of his cloth-  
ing, and wrapping up his head in an old coat  
climbed down the stairway and escaped with  
only a few slight burns.

Leisacker took no heed of Leffell's injunc-  
tion to "follow me," but remained to grapple  
with the suffocating black smoke, but the flames  
lit up the apartments sufficiently to show  
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climbed down the stairway and escaped with  
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Leisacker took no heed of Leffell's injunc-  
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HER BODY TO BE EXHUMED.